

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Portia.* Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

*Arag.* VVhat's here! the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,  
Presenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.

How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend and judge are distinct offices,

And of opposed natures. *Arag.* VVhat is here?

*The Fire seven times tried this,*

*Seven times tryed that judgement is,*

*That did never choose amisse:*

*Some there be that shadowes kisse;*

*Such have but a shadowes blisse.*

*There be fooles alive: I wis,*

*Silver'd o're, and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,*

*I will ever be your head:*

*So be gone, you are shed.*

*Arag.* Still more foole I shall appeare

By the time I linger here:

With one fooles head I came to wooe,

But I goe away with two.

Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,

Patiently to beare my wroth.

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:

O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,

They have their wisdom by their wit to loose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

*Por.* Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is my Lady?

*Por.* Here, what would my Lord?

*Mess.* Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

*the Merchant of Venice.*

A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;

To wit, (besides commends and curious breath)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seene

So likely an Embassadour of love.

A day in April never came so sweet

To show how costly Summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

*Portia.* No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard

Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,

Thou spendst such high day wit in praying him:

Come, come, *Nerrissa*, for I long to see

Quicke Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

*Nerrissa.* Bassanio, Lord, Love if thy will it be.

*Exeunt.*

*Solanio and Salarino.*

*Solanio.* Now what newes on the Ryalto?

*Salar.* Why yet it lives there unchecked, that *Anthonio* hath a  
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I  
thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where  
the carcasses of many a tall ship lieburied, as they say, if my Gossip  
Report be an honest woman of her word.

*Solanio.* I would she were as lying a Gossip in that, as ever  
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept for the  
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of pro-  
lixity, or crossing the plain high way of talke, that the good *An-  
thonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that I had a title good enough to  
keepe his name company.

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Solanio.* Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Solanio.* Let me say Amen betimes, lest the Devill crosse my  
prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew. How now  
*Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

*Enter Shylocke.*

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well, as you, of my daugh-  
ters flight.

*Salar.* Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that  
made the wings she flew withall,

E

*Sol.* And